No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
[Aside
*They'll pardon it. Say you, sir ?
Luc. Thy name ?
IMO. Fidele, sir[6]-
Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same : Thy name well fits thy faith[7]; thy faith, thy name. Wilt take thy chance with me ? I will not say, Thou shalt be so well mastered; but, be sure, No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters, Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner Than thine own worth prefer thee : Go with me.
IMO. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,
111 hide my master from the flies, as deep As these poor pickaxes[8] can dig : and when With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strewed his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers, Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh j And, leaving so his service, follow you, So please you entertain me[9].

raus, *(the Theban prophet)* calling to mind the affection wherein Don Infortuirio was drowned towards her," &c. *Cannon-shot* is found in Golding's version of Ovid's Metamorphosis, b. iii.
STEEVENS-

This absurdity was not confined to novels. In Lodge's Wounds of Ciuill War, 1594*, one of the directions is, " *Enter Lucius Fauorinus, Pausanias,* with Pedro a Frenchman/* who speaks broken English; the earliest dramatick specimen of this sort of jargon now extant. RITSON.

6 Fidele.] Old copy—Fidele, *sir* ; but for the sake of metre I have omitted this useless word of address, which has already occurred in the same line. STEEVENS.

7 Thy name well fits thy faith ;] A similar thought has been already met with in King Henry V. where Pistol having announced his name, the King replies: " It sorts well with your fierceness." STEEVENS.

[8] — these poor pickaxes —] Meaning her fingers. JOHNSON.